Pyracantha

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Pyracantha

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Summary

Will has spent the first 18 years of his life starving. He finally finds what he's been craving.

Notes

Additional TWs: brief mentions of self-harm (not intentional but induced by overall feralness), as well as implied alcoholism and mentioned prescription drug use. Please read at your own risk, and take care of yourselves, loves! <3

The Giving

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's not until Will has his first taste of human flesh at the tender age of seven that Beau Graham begins to understand just what his child is. His teacher brushes it off, (*"Kids bite,"* she says with a smile that's just a touch too tight), but Beau knows it is not youth that has induced his child's hunger, and this is not something Will will grow out of.

Will is wild like his mother was, like their ancestors were, and Beau can only pray that his son turns out to be a beta and nothing more.

His prayers go unanswered. When Will is thirteen he undergoes his first heat, and it is like nothing Beau could have ever prepared himself for. One moment Will is Will — quiet and observant, intelligent and prickly — then suddenly he is a creature out of a trashy horror film; all sharp claws and teeth and wild eyes. He paces the bedroom of their little Baton-Rouge apartment like a caged animal, shivering and whining and snarling when Beau gets too close, and when all of the pillows have been shredded to nothing but scraps of fabric, Will begins scratching at his own arms, biting into his own wrists, and Beau is forced to swallow his horror and wrestle his son into a scruff before he hurts himself beyond repair. Beau tries to remember whether his own first heat had been like this, but all he can recall is warmth and haziness and his mother's gentle fingers braiding his hair as they cuddled in the first nest he'd ever built.

Will doesn't build a nest, and after two days of destructive, ravenous heat, he falls asleep on the hardwood floor.

It doesn't get better from there. The doctors suggest neutralizers or suppressants, and Beau still isn't quite sure what the difference between the two is, but that doesn't end up mattering because they can't afford either. They prescribe Will a low-grade sedative to use during his heats instead, and Beau resorts to handcuffing his son to the radiator as he gets older and praying Will forgives him afterwards. It feel drastic and horrible and goes against every parental instinct Beau has, but he doesn't know what else to do.

Will does forgive him afterwards, or at least he always seems to, but Beau has never quite gotten around to forgiving himself. This isn't what heats are supposed to be like, he thinks, and the omega in him agonizes at the thought of his precious baby boy tearing himself to pieces every three months for reasons Beau can't begin to understand.

He wants more than anything to swaddle his son in a bundle of blankets and hold him close and purr in his precious little ears until Will's breathing no longer sounds labored and

suffocated and like he's in pain. He wishes more than anything that there was *something* he could do, *anything,* prays to any god that will listen, but it is fruitless.

Growls of warning when Beau tries to comfort Will turn into snarls that turn into wordless roars of rage as Will grows older, and Beau tries not to lose hope, but once every three months his son turns into this—

This *monster*—

And Beau doesn't know what to do anymore.

And then, when Will is eighteen, he disappears.

Will is a wild thing. He'd always known it on some level, even if he hasn't always had the words for it; six years old and already unmoored, outgrowing the world that encompasses him tightly (t*oo tightly),* capable of feelings things in a way that no domesticated human should. The other children's voices grate on his ears, their emotions itch like nails scraping bone, which doesn't make any sense but that's how it *feels,* and Will is old enough to understand that the way he tastes their flesh in his teeth when they meet his eyes isn't natural, but not old enough to be ashamed of it.

There's no reason he should be. Their incisors are just as sharp as his. If they cannot defend themselves, then that’s just the natural order of the world, right?

No one notices it at first. Will's mother is no longer here ('*like the flowers in a blazing summer drought*,' his father always said, and Will's not sure if that means she's *dead* or simply *gone*, blown away like ashes in the blaze of her own untamable fire), and Will's father is too busy working himself to the bone to provide for them to see the uneasiness Will wears like a second skin.

But that's okay. That's the way he wants it to be. He doesn't want anyone to notice, because when they notice, their eyes narrow and their scents sour and Will knows it's time to brace himself for the inevitable questions and looks and whispers. Will prefers when no one notices.

When he presents, however, staying under the radar becomes easier said than done. It's not just the attention that increases, though being a young, pretty omega with eyes as blue as his doesn't help.

The real problems are his own instincts. He certainly hadn't wanted to suppress them before, but now he doesn't think he could, even if he tried. Will spends his school days with his

tongue pressed against his teeth and his nails digging into his thighs, and a hiss caught in his throat every time someone gets too close. He makes less friends than he had before, and though he exceeds in his classes, his teachers dislike him, put off by his very presence in their classroom.

And his heats. *God,* they're nothing like he'd expected. He'd been told it would be blinding, stifling heat; headaches, and nesting, and an irresistible desire to be close to a loved one; his father, his mother, a mate, **anyone.** He'd been told it would be itchy skin and fevered dreams and an ache in his lower back that only the gentle touch of his dam or the intoxicating purr of his mate could soothe.

He'd been promised six aching days of haze and lethargy and warmth and ***love.***

Sweet, sweet love.

His heat is none of those things.

It is hunger, deep and cavernous and aching. It is an overwhelming feeling of restlessness that looms over him in a tsunami of *not enough, not enough, not enough,* ***something is missing***.

His skin burns so hot it's numb, and he can't even feel his own teeth digging into his wrists, only knows that it happens because he wakes six days later to find the marks, mouth tasting of blood and heat and pain. He can hardly blame his father for sedating him, or for handcuffing him to the radiator, and he knows it's for his own good, but every three months a red wave falls over his eyes and he forgets that this is an act of mercy. His dam's very presence, the one that should bring him comfort and peace and a sense of safety, only puts him on edge, instincts screaming themselves hoarse inside his head until his throat is sore and his ears are ringing.

And when he surfaces at the end of it all, all he feels is emptiness.

Will is *so hungry*. But he doesn't know what for.

Freddie Lounds won't stop staring at him. Will's skin itches and his teeth ache and he knows he's supposed to be paying attention to Mrs. Cohen's lecture on allosteric binding, but Freddie won't stop staring and it's really beginning to grate on him.

Will rolls one shoulder and tilts his head, gritting his teeth at the burn the stretch causes. His shoulders are always tense, but they lock up even worse the few days before his heat, so they're especially bad today. He checks the clock.

12:44 p.m.

Sixteen more minutes and then he can go hide in the janitor's closet for the rest of the day.

He's not a bad student, quite the opposite, in fact, but Freddie is in his next class too, and frankly Will can't deal with her today. One would think she had a crush on him with the way she needled at him at every chance she got, but really she just gets a sick sense of pleasure from tormenting him.

The skin on the back of his neck tingles uncomfortably again and he stretches, *again*, trying to dissuade some of the discomfort. His left shoulder is worse than the right, all pins and needles, and he tries to stretch it again, except when he does that there's this sharp pain in the back of his neck like bone scraping against bone, and Will knows it's just a nerve, probably, but that's a small comfort when it feels like his entire back is on fire.

In the back of the classroom, Brian has been sharpening his pencil for far too long. Will feels like his ears are going to start bleeding. He waits until Mrs. Cohen has turned to face the board and then glances back and meets Freddie's eyes. She's not even trying to be subtle.

He curls his lip, baring his teeth. She grins, and Will wants to rip her throat out.

When the bell rings and Will is released into the wilds of the hallway, he loses Freddie in the crowd easily enough to know that she was just fucking with him for fun, nothing more.

Freddie fucking Lounds.

Will doesn't get along with most of his classmates, he'll be the first to admit that. He's brash and blunt and he pushes people away before they have the chance to get close because he knows that once they do, he'll see too much or they won't see enough, and everything will end in fire and brimstone and all that shit. His father had him switching schools so often as a kid that Will never learned the social skills necessary to navigate such situations, or maybe he was doomed right from the start with a brain as fucked up as his, but either way the result is the same.

Will averts his gaze and snaps his teeth at them when that doesn't work, and they poke and prod and stare because they know it will make his skin itch, because they think it's **funny.**

Will wants to peel their skin from their bones.

He doesn't, of course. Will learned early in life that violence doesn't get him far in the real world. He might crave the physicality, the blood, the sound of bones cracking like kindling beneath his touch, but he's the outlier. The rest of society is happy to push their instincts deep deep down where they'll never see the light of day. Acting on his desires will only get Will drugged and scruffed like an insolent puppy, and he has better things to be doing with his time.

Like sitting in the janitor's closet and waiting for the day to be over.

When the final bell rings, Will checks his watch and then waits in the closet for an extra 20 minutes to ensure the hallways have been cleared and his tormentors have scurried on home. Sometimes Mr. Fuller, the school's janitor, finds him in there before he manages to make his escape, and those are, sadly, the best days of them all.

Mr. Fuller is a hulking alpha of a man, six foot six and so big his shoulders are stuck in a permanent hunch to allow him to fit through the doorway, with eyes greener than grass and no tongue.

At least, that's what the rumors say.

If the man is capable of speaking, Will's certainly never heard him, but tongue or no tongue, Will likes him. He's huge and imposing and smells like an alpha should, like pinewood and blood, but he's got the kindest eyes and he moves *so* slowly and smoothly, like some great lumbering beast, like he's fifteen times his own size, and slips Will individually wrapped candies whenever he finds him in the closet. They've never shared a single conversation, but Will thinks Mr. Fuller might know him better than anyone else at this school.

Today, Mr. Fuller slips him a grape sucker, then sniffs the air, narrows his eyes at Will, and holds out a cherry one too. Will takes the candy with an apologetic smile, realizing he's probably stunk up Mr. Fuller's closet with his pre-heat scent and suddenly feeling incredibly guilty about it. The alpha only blinks though, and then jerks his head towards the doors.

Go home, kid.

Will sticks the cherry sucker in his mouth and hurries home.

His father is still at work when he gets to their little one bedroom apartment. Will tosses his bag on the couch, showers, and then changes quickly, spraying a little scent blocker onto his neck in the hopes that it'll buy him a few extra hours of freedom once his dad comes home. He'd like to spend as much of his evening as possible **not** handcuffed to the radiator, thank you very much.

By the time the sun has begun to dip beyond Will's line of sight, he's finished his homework and his chores and has moved on to the kitchen.

Already he can feel the hunger settling low in his gut. Will sucks in a breath and continues to chop peppers, adding them to the pot simmering on the stove. He's making four times the typical serving that he usually makes for him and his father because he knows that once he goes into heat, he won't be able to cook, and his father will forget, and then neither of them will eat for the next five days, at minimum.

It helps, also, to be cooking so much while his hunger grows. It's soothing, in a way, to know that even as he descends into a heat-blurred madness, his belly won't be empty and neither will his father's, even if the food he cooks doesn't actually soothe the hunger his heat incites.

Leftovers secured in the fridge, Will sits at the table and eats alone. His father should be home by now but Will's not too worried. Beau's drinking always gets worse right around the time of Will's heat, which he suspects likely has to do with the horrible feeling of having to drug and handcuff your son to the radiator like a feral dog every three months. It used to hurt, but now Will just feels guilty. He's not ashamed of his own wilder nature, for the most part,

but sometimes he does wish he could be just a little bit more stable, at least for his father's sake.

But Will rarely gets what he wants, and he's learned to suck it up like a big boy.

Thus, when his father doesn't return even long after dark, Will grabs his meds, a pillow and a few blankets, and sits himself down by the radiator to cuff himself in. A little voice in the back of his skull whispers that he should be nesting, arranging the items into the most perfect cocoon to curl up in, but like usual, he can't bring himself to do it. He settles on the floor haphazardly instead and sighs, feeling his shoulders sink with each breath.

Slowly, the heat settles in like a heavy, suffocating blanket.

The bottle of sedatives sits on the floor in front of him, taunting him. It’s the one thing he can never bring himself to do, the one thing his father always has to shove down his throat, literally and figuratively, and he simply doesn’t have the energy to try today. He averts his gaze and leaves the responsibility to his father once Beau returns home.

Will feels exhausted all of a sudden, weighed down, clammy, and hot all at once. It's just the prelude to the storm, body shutting down in preparation to expend all of its energy in the coming days, but it makes Will's stomach twist with dread all the same. His canines have locked into place, sharp and uncomfortable against his gums, and he can feel the first stirrings of hunger in his belly, even though he just ate.

He shoves the sensation into the back of his head and focuses on cuffing himself in. It takes an incredible amount of focus to do so, battling the base instinct to claw his way to freedom, especially as those instincts grow stronger with the surge in his heat, but Will has had many years of practice and is familiar with the feverish ache that accompanies denying his inner beast.

He doesn't want to do it, but for the sake of his father, and for the sake of their security deposit, he'll do it anyway.

Or, at least, he'll try to.

Once the cuffs are secure and tight, both hands bound in metal, Will slips the keys between his teeth and turns to face the empty room. It's good that he hadn't waited for his father to come back before cuffing himself in — he can tell that he has barely minutes to spare before he loses all rationality.The urge to disobey is getting stronger now, crawling up his throat and pooling like saliva in his mouth.

He shouldn't be here on the floor, caging himself up like a good little boy. He needs to run, needs to get out of here, he needs to ***eat, dear lord, he's so hungry—***

His head aches, eyes burning as blue gives way to gold, and he can taste the metal of the key on his tongue. He could just keep it. He could just spit it back into his hand, free himself, and run.

Will sucks in a breath between his teeth and digs his claws into the palms of his hands. Tipping his chin up, he spits the key across the tiny room, aiming for the safety of the worn leather arm chair where his father will find it and hide it somewhere safe from Will's heat-feral desperation.

As the key flies from his lips, Will’s gut churns.

A whine tears itself from his lips, desperate and resigned as his very autonomy soars away from him. His heart aches, stomach surging with nausea, and the whine turns into a whimper, painful on his tongue.

At the same time, his spine sags with relief. The burden, the responsibility to protect others from himself, to sequester away everything about him that's *wrong*, falls away, ready to be scooped back up by his father as soon as he comes home.

Will feels like he might cry, feeling his freedom quite literally leave his lips. He crumbles against the wall and watches the key sail across the room, unsure if he wants it to miss or stick the landing.

It misses.

The key hits the side of the chair with a dull *thwap* and then lands on the floor, bouncing a few times before coming to a stop only scant inches from Will's outstretched leg.

Time stops.

Will's mind goes startlingly quiet.

He stares at the offending key, breath caught.

He can't reach it with his hands, but he could probably reach it with his foot if he tried hard enough. He shouldn't — he should do his best to nudge it as far away from himself as possible just in case his omega brain gets any ideas. ***Or***, he could scoop it up and pray he has the strength to send it soaring once again.

Will licks his lips and tastes blood, eyes fixed on his freedom.

He'll wait for Beau to get home.

Beau is drunk enough when he gets home to miss the way the door is already unlocked when he meanders his way inside. He's drunk enough to miss the fact that the apartment is whisper quiet, and unnervingly cold.

He is not drunk enough to miss the fact that despite the cold and whisper quiet, the entire apartment smells overwhelmingly like a deep forest waterfall.

Will's heat.

Shit!

Beau had known it was coming, but he hadn't expected it to come so soon. He hadn't prepared, he'd stayed out too late, and from the smell wafting from the bedroom, there's no use hoping that Will isn't too far gone yet. Beau hurries to shed his boots and coat, praying to God that Will successfully locked himself in, and feeling all the more guilty that he once again put this responsibility on his *child.*

Limbs flying in haste, Beau stumbles into the bedroom, an apology on the tip of his tongue, but as the door bangs against the wall, his brain screeches to a stop, struggling to comprehend the sight before him.

The room is empty.

The orange prescription bottle of sedatives lays knocked over, little white pills spilling onto the floor.

His initial thought is that Will's been taken. Some feral alpha had smelled his poor baby, broken into their apartment, and made off with his boy. Beau's heart beats like a rabbit, blood rushing in his ears. He can feel his incisors lengthening, mouth filling with venom as the instinct to protect his pup lashes through him like a whip. He whirls and stalks back into the kitchen, making his way to the safe to grab his hunting rifle, but then the glint of silver on the kitchen table catches his eye. Beau breathes deeply and steps forward slowly, cautiously, puzzle struggling to piece itself together in his inebriated mind.

Atop a Tupperware of blackened catfish and rice with vegetables, the key to Will's handcuffs sits shiny and pretty.

The meaning is clear to Beau, who may be a drunken idiot and a failure of a father, but who knows his son better than he knows himself.

Will broke himself out, and now he's gone.

Will knows where he's going.

Well, not exactly. He has no idea *where* he's going, but he knows he's going the right way. He couldn't say why, couldn't tell you how he knows he's supposed to be heading that way, all he knows is that there is something at the end of this journey that he's been searching for his whole life, and he'll be damned if he doesn't get it. He's blind, eyes practically closed, following only the path his destiny has set for him, and of course, his nose.

The sharp scent of ozone and an undercurrent of sulfur — scents of a brewing storm — fill his nose, his lungs, his brain.

He follows, tasting blood on his tongue, and he *hungers* for it. He salivates for it, treading through the dark woods of Louisiana.

Will doesn't know what he's looking for, but he knows he needs it more than he's needed anything else in his life.

He doesn't know what he's looking for, until he does.

It's beautiful.

In the center of a clearing, a man kneels, knees spread wide. His eyes are unseeing, red and bloody, and as Will draws closer he realizes that the man has no eyes at all. They've been gouged out. He is naked, modesty protected only by the cloak of blood covering him, glistening in the moonlight and black as the void. Will creeps towards the man, awestruck.

He is most certainly dead. Bisecting his chest is a long, thin line of black stitches. At first glance it looks sloppy, the stitches of an amateur, too messy to properly seal the wound. Someone made a few cuts they didn't intend to make, apparently, and probably felt a little bad about it.

Wait — No.

Will takes another step closer. Upon further reflection, they're masterfully crafted. Tight enough to hold the entrails within, loose enough to let blood seep through, slow and sluggish, welling up between pieces of nylon.

The kill is Fresh.

The sound that leaves Will's lips is high and hungry, pleading.

He takes another step closer.

The man's hands are raised, held up by some unseen force Will is not privy to, cupped together, and in his palms, still connected to a spiderweb of veins and arteries that trail back into the only open wound in the man's chest, is a heart.

It's remarkable, really.

Will takes one more step closer, eyes wide, entranced by the sight before him. The heart hasn't been disconnected from the circulatory system, just the abdominal cavity itself. It's completely intact, in fact, aorta and vena cava nearly untouched. Will's fingers itch to reach out, to trace the stitching and see how far it leads, and ghost over the capillaries just to see

how fragile they really are. He tilts his head, cogs spinning as he studies the image before him, and there's a little spark of excitement that grows larger and larger in his chest with each passing second. The killer had to have had great skill, it is clear, to dig deep into the man and carve out nearly half his circulatory system without severing a single vein. The blood that seeps from the stitches pools between the man's legs and onto the ground in a steadily growing puddle, and Will watches the edge of the puddle grow closer and closer to his bare feet with a sort of detached delight.

He takes a deep breath, and looks back up at the man, meeting his eyes — or lack thereof. He feels a presence in the back of his mind, surrounding him, enveloping him almost; the killer's intentions and designs wrapping around him in a tender embrace.

Will aches, in a way he has never ached before.

The man holds his heart close to his face, nose pressed against the apex in a tender nuzzle. The message is clear — at least it is to Will's heat-addled brain.

I cannot see you, yet I know you as I know my own heart.

We are one.

This is my design.

Will falls to his knees with a little wail. His name is nowhere upon the masterpiece, yet he knows without a doubt, this is for him. He feels lost suddenly, unmoored, cast into the depths of a love he has never experienced but somehow known all this time, without even realizing what it was that he longed for.

His mate left this for him. *Designed* this for him.

Saliva pools in his mouth. On his hands and knees, Will slinks forward, prowling towards his gift (because that's what this is — ***a gift***). Hesitant fingers draw over the man's knees, his thighs, up his abdomen, sliding through slick, cooling blood. A purr rises in Will's throat. He reaches the stitches, tugging at the nylon with sharp claws as he explores his present, feeling where the blood bubbles up between the gaps. He could sink his fingers into the wound if he really wanted to, tear into his gift, desecrate what's left of the man's fragile body—

Will does just that and moans at the heat that spills into the palm of his hand. Driven by pure instinct, he brings the hand to his mouth, eyes sliding shut in reverence at the first taste of blood on his tongue—

The smell of ozone spikes in the air, overpowering the smell of rotting flesh. Will's eyes snap back open, a keen rising in his throat.

Mate.

Golden eyes ringed with blue sweep across the clearing, searching the line of trees. His mate is here, in the dark, watching.

Waiting for him.

Will whines again. Slick pools in his pajama pants, desperation clouding his every sense.

Mate.

Alpha.

Will looks around again and calls out, a wordless, instinctual omegan cry designed to entice and ensnare a partner. It echoes through the forest, cloyingly sweet.

But no one answers.

What are they waiting for?

Will turns back towards his gift. The heart sits before him, presented to him as lovely as the prettiest bouquet of roses. The man's eye sockets bleed still, *drip drip dripping* down his face, rivulets catching in the shallow, careful cuts sliced into his cheeks that Will had not looked closely enough to see before, but now stand out beautifully. The sulci collect the blood, ferrying it in the direction chosen by their carver, down and into the mouth of the tableau.

Feeding him his own blood. Will's gaze slides back to the heart; his mate's gift to him. His *offering.*

"Oh," Will trills in pleasant surprise, and his stomach rumbles as if pleasantly surprised itself. He licks his lips, gums aching and, driven by an instinct so strong he knows it cannot possibly be wrong, Will raises onto his knees and sinks his teeth into the organ.

It's heaven.

Salty, tangy warmth spills onto his tongue, into his throat. The flesh is tough, thick, and he revels in ripping at it with his canines, spattering blood across the forest floor as he tears away a chunk to chew and swallow. It goes down easily, sitting warm in his belly as he takes the next bite, and then the next, and the next.

Will moans as he eats. He purrs. He trills joyfully, noises that had never come so easily to him before now spilling from his mouth as he nibbles and laps at his meal, the feast his mate had so thoughtfully, so lovingly provided for him.

The hunger he's felt his whole life, gnawing and chipping away at his sanity until he felt little more than a beast, a feral creature destined to tear at his own skin for the rest of his time on earth, is sated. For the first time, *ever*, Will feels full.

When the heart has been completely consumed, Will falls onto his back, belly up and drunk on bloodlust. He sucks the bloody saltiness from his fingers, picks bits of capillaries and tissue from between his teeth and beneath his claws and swallows them down. He sighs and purrs and trills softly to himself, content and happy and floating as he stares up at the stars peeking through the forest canopy, and stretches his arms, wrists empty of manacles.

He's full, he's sated, he's ***free.***

This must be what everyone talks about when they call their heat a time of bliss. Will certainly feels blissful. He wonders if he's putting out pheromones because of it, wonders if he smells differently than he normally does during his heat because for once he doesn't feel like he's crumbling on the inside, melting beneath the sweltering pressure. For once he feels light and warm and just plain horny.

The smell of ozone fills his nose again, lightning crackling on his tongue. Excitement bubbles in his chest alongside a purr that rises into another omegan cry, grinning wildly up at the night sky.

His mate draws closer, feet nearly silent on the forest floor. Will can sense them but he doesn't look, only because he knows he doesn't need to. His mate will reveal themselves to him when they're ready. For now, he lazes in his nest of blood-stained grass and leaves, sucking in lungfuls of his mate's electrifying scent, and wondering if his own heat-stricken scent is as dizzying to his mate as theirs is to him.

Finally the footsteps draw close enough to hear. A rumbling sound fills Will's ears — his mate's own purr joining his own, singing in harmony in the quiet night air. He grins and sucks in another deep breath of the scent that supposedly will perfectly compliment his own, and then rolls over onto his belly. As the footsteps draw closer behind him he leans back onto his haunches and stretches out his spine — a teasing image of an omega's present — before continuing up, languidly pulling himself into a kneel. His mate's purring curls into a growl, possessive and hungry and pleased, and Will can't help but moan in response, preening at the thought that his display has pleased his mate as much as their gift had pleased him.

The footsteps stop just behind him.

Will should be scared. He's in the middle of the woods at night. No one knows where he is — it's possible that no one even knows he's gone. There's a strange person behind him, someone he's willfully turned his back to, someone that is clearly capable of catastrophic, gruesome amounts of violence. Will should be terrified.

But he's not. This is his mate.

This is his *destiny.*

"Beautiful thing," a voice says softly, so softly, reverently, even, and it sends shivers down Will's spine. The voice is low, dark, accented, and smooth. He feels it in his bones, in his belly, in his briefs.

Finally the figure moves in front of him and Will looks up.

His mate is tall, gangly, clearly older than Will but still young and muscular. He's got golden, ashen hair that falls over his eyes, angular features and thin lips that curl up at the corners, like he's amused by Will. He's wearing nothing but a pair of loose slacks. He's covered in blood, and his eyes are bright red.

An alpha in rut.

Will whines and spreads his knees wide beneath himself, squirming as slick fills his underwear.

This is his mate. This is his alpha, and he's *beautiful.*

Before he can say anything, the alpha is reaching out and cupping Will's cheek. His skin bursts with heated bliss at the touch, and distantly, Will realizes this is the closest anyone's gotten to him during his heat without losing a limb. The alpha strokes gently across Will's cheekbones, and the irony of these bloodstained hands that had so gruesomely ripped apart Will's gift now treating him with such sweetness makes Will feel dizzy with power and desire. "Such a pretty, feral little thing you are." He swipes his thumb across Will's lips, and impulsively, instinctively, Will snaps his teeth at the offending digit, purring at the way his mate flinches back just enough to avoid losing it, but not enough to pull away completely.

Good reflexes.

The alpha sucks in a sharp breath, claws brushing the delicate skin of Will's face in warning, but Will barely even notices. He's caught up in his own movements, his own impulses, and is already moaning and sucking that same thumb into his mouth, licking the blood from his skin. For a moment his alpha looks concerned about the possibility of Will biting down and swallowing his thumb whole (and isn't *that* a thought that has Will salivating), but as Will comes off his thumb with a *pop!* and then starts lapping at the alpha's other fingers, he relaxes and that deep, rumbly, *beautiful* purr starts up again.

Will doesn't know why he does it. It's not even really a question, in Will's mind — this is the only thing that makes sense. Slowly, methodically, sweetly, Will licks up the blood from one hand, then the other, and then makes his way up his alpha's arms to his chest, laving his tongue over blood-stained skin, scraping his teeth against pulse points, and dragging his nose through the coarse hair on his alpha's chest and arms. He stands to reach the other man's neck, purring and moaning as he grooms his alpha — his big, strong alpha that had done such a good job providing Will's meal. The combined taste of blood and his mate's sweat is heady, intoxicating, and Will feels insatiable again, hungry for more, more, *more*—

He reaches the alpha's chin and suddenly finds his lips caught in a bruising kiss. His mate sweeps him up, one hand fisted in his curls, the other firm at the small of his back as he licks into his mouth, snarling and swallowing up Will's own aching sounds. He kisses Will like he wants to suck all remnants of the man's heart from his tongue, and Will simply does not know what to do with himself beyond clutching his alpha's shoulders and allowing himself to be consumed.

He's never been kissed like this before. He's never wanted to be, never wanted to be touched by another or held by another like this, but god — now that he has it, he can't imagine wanting anything else. Everywhere his mate touches him burns, sends shivers down his spine and slick pooling in his briefs, dripping down his legs. He feels alive, even though he can hardly breathe. His alpha bites at his bottom lip, snarling and hungry for him, and Will snarls back, digging his claws into the alpha's shoulders until he draws blood so he can pull him impossibly closer, pressing the lines of their bodies together. The hand in his hair yanks, tilting Will's head into the perfect position to practically tongue-fuck his throat, and then

pulling him back, breaking the kiss so his alpha can press their foreheads together, both panting desperately against one another's slick, swollen mouths.

Golden eyes meet red ones, and Will feels a jolt of electricity rocket down his spine, like the universe confirming that *this is it.*

This is the one.

"Will," he pants, because he can read the unspoken question in the alpha's eyes, in the way they dart about his face, learning his features, memorizing his mate's appearance and smell and taste and everything about him — his alpha wants to know everything about him and ***God*** — doesn't just that make Will feel so fucking powerful. "My name is Will."

The alpha, struggling to catch his own breath, grins, lips spreading wide across sharp teeth. His hands slide across Will's body, caressing him sweetly through his thin tshirt, and Will arches into his touch, feeling overwhelmed and terribly needy.

"Will," His mate purrs, and Will can't stop the soft, little tormented wail that escapes his lips. He never wants to hear anyone but his alpha say his name ever again. "I'm Hannibal."

Hannibal.

Hannibal. Hannibal. Hannibal—

Will surges forward to kiss ***Hannibal*** again, moaning his name softly between desperate bites and kisses. He wraps his arms around Hannibal's neck and pulls him in so there isn't a single part of their bodies that isn't touching, soaking in everything about his mate, *his Hannibal*, until he has to pull away to breathe again, dizzy and on the verge of passing out in ecstasy.

"I wasn't sure if you would come," Hannibal breathes, lips trailing down Will's chin to begin grooming him back, lapping away the blood that paints the omega's skin pink. Will moans happily, eyes fluttering shut, and tilts his head back to let Hannibal reach the blood that stains his neck, that drips over his sensitive, heat-swollen glands. He wonders if Hannibal will bite him, tear into his scent gland and claim him. They only just met one another and already Will wants him to, desperately.

"But you thought I might," he whimpers, fingers tangling in Hannibal's silky hair. He tries to tug Hannibal towards his scent gland, even as the rational part of his brain is screaming at him to *slow the fuck down!!* But Hannibal bypasses his gland completely, barely brushing his nose over it before mouthing at his collarbones and the hollow of his throat. It makes Will both relieved that at least one of them has some sort of self-control, and frustrated beyond belief. He swallows down the urge to scream and snarl and rip Hannibal's hair out, and pets his alpha's head instead, pressing his hips up against his mate's to distract himself with the pleasure blooming beneath his skin.

"I didn't know what it was," Hannibal hisses, dropping to his knees to kiss the inside of Will's elbow. "Something told me I had to be ready for you. *He* had to be ready for you." He presses his lips to the center of Will's palm, nuzzling into his skin. Butterflies erupt in Will's stomach, and in his chest, and in his throat.

Then suddenly, abruptly, Hannibal stills, nose still pressed to Will's palm. "You must forgive me, Will, for such a juvenile tableau," He whispers into Will's hand, shame suddenly dripping from every word and Will aches for an entirely different reason now, fingers itching to pull Hannibal up into another embrace, where he can coo and purr and nuzzle at his mate until he's sufficiently soothed and reassured. Hannibal kisses over his knuckles before he can act, though, tongue dipping between his fingers, and Will's brain short-circuits. "It was the first thing I thought of," Hannibal continues. "If I'd had more time, I'd have thought of something more original, more beautiful, more deserving of you—"

Will's gaze catches on the tableau again, on the blind man with his heart in his hands, and feels unmoored, swept away with love once again. "He's perfect," he cuts Hannibal off with a sob, dragging his gaze to Hannibal's as the alpha takes each of Will's fingers into his mouth and sucks. Will's briefs feel soaked. Hannibal's lips are so beautiful wrapped around him. "He's perfect, Alpha, I—" Will croaks, overcome with arousal and need and love for this man, his mate and **God—**

I don't even know him and I already love him.

"I've been *so* hungry," he whispers, voice shaking. Hannibal switches to the other hand, tickling Will's palm with a wet, open-mouthed kiss. "I've been so hungry for so, so long and I —" He gasps at the gentle bite Hannibal presses to the inside of his wrist. "*I'm not anymore*."

The sound Hannibal lets out — raw and satisfied and so goddamn possessive — shakes Will to his core. "I have hungered for you," Hannibal snarls into Will's skin. Will feels the vibration of his voice like an earthquake, world-shattering. "Daily, my entire life." He kisses the crook of Will's elbow and drags his fangs up the inside of Will's bicep towards his neck, scraping over his swollen scent gland until Will's knees are shaking, barely holding him up. Will can't stop the high-pitched whine that builds up in the back of his throat, desperate and needy. He feels feverish, dazed, and he's never wanted anyone as badly as he wants Hannibal. Hannibal's hands are so big, so warm, so strong as they cup Will's cheeks, brushing their noses together, and Will wants to be smothered beneath his touch. "But today—" He kisses Will, deep and wet. Will's toes curl in the damp earth. "Today, at the very sight of you, my love, I found myself nourished."

Will sobs. There is simply nothing left for him to do but let himself be pulled into another kiss, let himself fall into Hannibal, *his Alpha.*

"Hannibal," He moans. "Hannibal, please!"

"Anything," Hannibal growls. "Anything, Will."

It builds up slowly with every kiss Hannibal bestows upon him, every touch, buzzing beneath his skin. The need to run, the need to hunt, the need to be chased and caught and **fucked**—

Will pulls away from Hannibal's mouth with a gasp, breath fogging in the cool autumn air. "Alpha," he hisses, digging his claws into Hannibal's shoulders. His mate is panting as he meets Will's gaze, eyes nearly black with lust, and Will feels so fucking powerful.

"Prove yourself to me."

Hannibal's eyes dart towards the display, then back at Will, a challenge in his eyes.

Is that not enough?

Will grins. "I want **more**."

It's breath-taking, the way Hannibal's eyes light up, delighted by his mate's insatiability, yet his lip curls into a snarl, self-righteous and indignant. He leans forward to mouth at Will's throat, like he knows Will won't be able to resist begging for a bite as he scrapes his incisors over the sensitive glands on his neck.

Will snarls and snaps his teeth at Hannibal's ear in warning, grinning viciously when it makes the alpha yank his head back, claws digging into Will's skin in return until Will can feel the warm trickle of blood beneath both of their grips. Hannibal rumbles beneath his touch with a possessive growl, a growl that says,

'*You're mine and I won't be denied, not even by you—'*

So Will growls back. It has never been in his nature to roll over and take it, even if Hannibal is, without a doubt, *his*.

"**Prove yourself to me,"** He repeats, and yanks Hannibal's head back by a firm grip in his hair when the alpha attempts to kiss him again. Hannibal is bigger than him, older than him, certainly stronger than him, but he doesn't try to overpower Will or take him with brute strength the way he so easily could.

He **does** bare his teeth in protest instead. Will wants to lick them. He wants to suck the venom from his tongue and chew off his lips and make himself bleed on those sharp, pretty, *pretty* teeth.

"You've nourished me," Will purrs, feeling his voice catch in his throat with desire. "You've *sated* me. You've been such a good little alpha." He drags his tongue up the shell of Hannibal's ear, delighting in the snarl it yanks from his alpha's throat, the shiver it sends down his spine. "There's only one thing left for you to do." Will inhales a lungful of lightening and ozone and petrichor and feels *ready*.

"Catch me."

Then he turns and darts off into the forest, his alpha close behind.

Chapter End Notes

This is my first fic in the Hannibal fandom, first omegaverse fic, AND my first fic in nearly 3 years! I took a break to deal with some personal stuff and when I came back my writing style was completely different, so it's taken me a while to build up the confidence to post something. This was supposed to be a multi-chaptered fic (I had so

much planned for this universe ;-;) but then I realized I just needed to get something out to get back on the proverbial horse, and I liked this piece just the way it was, so please be kind and I hope you enjoyed it! Please consider leaving a kudos, comment, or bookmark if you did, they seriously make my day <3

The Taking

Chapter Notes

Okay so I know I said this was supposed to be a oneshot and not get any more chapters, but the response I got from this piece was so incredibly positive and encouraging that it inspired me to write a second chapter. I'm sorry that it took so long (this chapter was supposed to be so simple but ofc my imagination got away from me and it took way longer than anticipated to get it out), but thank you so much to everyone that read, left kudos, commented, bookmarked, subscribed, etc., this chapter is for y'all <3

This does include some Lithuanian but I do not speak the language so I'm very sorry for any mistakes! If you see something incorrect and want to leave a comment to let me know, that would be greatly appreciated

Please heed the updated tags and the increased rating and enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will feels alive.

The cool autumn air is brisk on his cheeks as he races through the trees, feet light on the damp forest floor. Hannibal is close behind, heavy footsteps pounding in Will's ears, but Will is fast. He's got 18 years of pent-up heat in his blood, and catching him is not going to be as easy as Hannibal expects.

Will refuses to make this easy for Hannibal, and if Hannibal doesn't like that—

Well, he will. He's Will's mate. It's an inevitability.

A quick glance over his shoulder tells him exactly how close Hannibal is, which is *very* close, almost close enough to touch, which is terribly arousing. Will grins, practically salivating, and takes an abrupt left turn, ducking under a massive oak branch and darting through the underbrush before Hannibal even realizes what's happening. The alpha, not nearly as nimble as Will and much taller, is forced to slow, stumbling a little in order to avoid braining himself on the branch, and Will takes his opportunity to disappear into the woods.

Gone.

He's lucky. The leaves in the trees have begun to turn vibrant reds and yellows above his head but have yet to fall, so Will has the night's soundscape on his side. Compared to the wind rustling the trees and the rushing of nearby rivers splintering their way through the forest, Will's footsteps are near silent in the soft grass. He zigzags, crossing the same river twice and doubling back a few times just to mix things up, careful not to run straight into Hannibal. Every so often, as Will starts to tire, he scents the air and smells lightning and ozone;

Hannibal has caught his trail and is getting close again, but the scent of his alpha just makes Will's blood sing, invigorating him with every whiff. It's as if he never tires, as if he could sustain himself forever on his mate's scent alone, and the thought is almost enough to make him slow, let Hannibal catch him and mount him and bite him.

Almost, but not enough.

Will's going to make him work for this.

The snarl Hannibal lets loose when Will snatches himself right out from under the alpha's nose, literally, sends a jolt of need down Will's spine that's so intense, he can't help but whine in response, legs like jelly as he forces himself to keep running and disappear into the night again.

Hannibal had been *so* close, and even though Will's heart pounds in excitement as he escapes the alpha's grasp once again, he feels positively *empty*, briefs so damp with slick he's sure it's become a beacon for Hannibal's nose, telling the alpha exactly where Will is, no matter how clever or far Will gets.

Will *wants*.

But he keeps running.

It feels like Will runs for hours before he really begins to tire. He's sweating, panting like an overexcited puppy, lips stretched in a grin that he can't make go away. His poor father, probably worried sick by now, doesn't even cross Will's mind.

All Will knows is heat and freedom and joy, overwhelming joy.

God, he's so excited for Hannibal to catch him.

And yet, at the same time, part of him hopes Hannibal never catches him. Part of him wants to do this forever—*Oh*, if he never does anything else for the rest of his life but chase and be chased by Hannibal, Will thinks he'd be content.

It's rare to find a cave in the Louisiana wilderness, but when Will spots one hidden in the brush he ducks inside to catch his breath. Slowing to a walk, he uses the wall to feel his way through the dark, twisting tunnels. The inside of the cave smells wet and musty, which Will hopes is enough to mask his scent while he recovers some of his stamina. It's not a massive cave, but as he tucks himself into a small alcove to rest his feet, Will knows he has some time before Hannibal sniffs him out.

Will leans his head against the wall and closes his eyes. He should be chilly, still dressed in nothing but his thin flannel pajama pants and a t-shirt, but he's not. He's burning, sweating, feverish, even.

Frankly, he's surprised he's made it this far. He's usually exhausted during his heat, drained and weak and only kept alert by the paranoia and *wrongness* that festers beneath his skin. Today, however, he's never felt more alive.

Something rustles in the darkness. Will freezes, holding his breath. He keeps his ears perked, well aware that he may not be the only feral creature hiding in the dark, but the thought doesn't scare him as much as it probably should. There are wolves in this area and it's entirely possible that one or two could have claimed this cave as its den.

Will wonders who will find him first; the wolf or Hannibal?

He grins.

What a sight Hannibal would make, fighting off some snarling beast to protect Will.

Will bites his lip, lust pooling deep in his belly. He can see it now; his big, handsome alpha with those bulging muscles and gorgeous, snarling teeth and that built, broad chest rumbling with a growl as he wrestles with the wolf—

Will is sliding a hand into his pants before he even realizes it. His cock is hard and leaking, making him hiss as he grazes cold fingers over the sensitive skin. He bypasses it quickly, however, migrating down to the spot where he's open and aching, body begging for Hannibal's cock even as he runs from the alpha.

His hole is *soaked.* Will bites down hard on his bottom lip to stifle the moan that rises in his chest as he brushes his fingers over the sensitive flesh, swirling them in his slick. He presses tantalizingly against the puckered rim which winks, muscles flexing to eagerly welcome any intrusion.

Maybe Hannibal would overpower the wolf easily. Maybe he'd tear it apart with his hands, snap its neck like kindling, wrestle it to the ground and make it submit before meeting its end. Maybe all he'd have to do is let out a single roar, teeth bared, and the wolf would run with its tail between its legs. Or maybe it wouldn't; maybe Hannibal wouldn't get an easy fight, maybe the wolf would get a few swipes in, opening Hannibals skin with its claws and making him bleed so Will can lick the blood from his wounds in the aftermath.

Will's breath shudders out of him. He rubs over his hole, licking his lips as the fantasy plays out behind his eyelids. *Blood, slick and red and black in the moonlight, the snarls of two feral creatures, the smell of heat and death and sweat—*

Slowly, without Will's intention, the wolf in his fantasy begins to shift. It grows larger and more broad, paler, pinker, standing on two legs. Snarls and barks and howls turn into shouts, curses, moans of pain. Will sucks in a sharp breath when suddenly the creature Hannibal is carving his claws into is no beast, but the man from the tableau.

Will moans.

He clamps his free hand over his mouth as soon as he realizes it, but the damage has already been done. His voice, needy and desperate, rings out through the cavern.

His heart pounds and he holds his breath. He strains to hear if he's alerted anyone to his presence, but despite the way every other muscle in his body has frozen, his fingers continue to move, playing with the sensitive skin of his rim, dipping teasingly in and then out, spreading slick between his thighs.

He can't get himself to stop. He just wants to see it. The tableau had been beautiful, the heart had been decadent, and the gift had been everything he ever could have asked for. But Will doesn't want to merely imagine the creation of the tableau.

He wants to see it. He wants to see Hannibal hunt and kill for him. He wants to see Hannibal tear another human being apart. He wants to see Hannibal rip out another man's jugular with his teeth, just to please Will.

Will bites down on the meat of his thumb to keep himself quiet as he slides two fingers into his hole. His eyes roll, pleasure sparking up his spine at the first touch inside himself, basking in the slight stretch, the way slick gushes in rivulets around his fingers and drips onto the cave floor. Will can't remember the last time he got slick during a heat, but now it's like a waterfall — stuffing a third finger into his hole doesn't even slow the way it gushes, wet and sticky and potent. He needs Hannibal, he needs his mate, he needs his alpha's fat cock and knot to plug him up.

Will whines. Behind his eyelids, Hannibal drops the man's bloody corpse, shoulders heaving and mouth stained red with blood as he stalks over to Will and grabs him about the waist, shoving him up against the nearest tree and fucking him full, filling him up **finally!**

His knees are shaking, chest heaving as his stomach curls with ecstasy. His little cock bobs and pulses, staining his briefs with precum as he thrusts and twists three fingers inside himself. He strains, panting, legs spread wide as he reaches for that nice little spot deep deep inside—

—And then he hears it.

The quiet snarl of a monster.

Hannibal has found him.

Will holds his breath. He can hear Hannibal's quiet footsteps as he stalks slowly through the cave. There's a sharp inhale, like he's scenting the air, and then the footsteps get quicker, closer, more confident. Will clamps one hand tightly over his mouth and nose, fingers of the other hand still buried in his hole. Every muscle in his body is frozen except his ass, which clenches rhythmically and eagerly around his fingers.

"Will," Hannibal croons, deep voice echoing off the cavern walls. "I can smell you, Darling." Will's eyes flutter shut and he bites his lip. Hannibal's voice is low and seductive, hungry, dark. Will's hole spasms again, begging for his alpha's knot.

The footsteps grow closer, and then, suddenly, further away. Will releases a silent breath and grins, letting his head loll back against the cave wall.

Hannibal has taken a wrong turn.

Will allows himself some deeper breaths, scenting the air himself to smell a brewing storm of lust and frustration and excitement. Hannibal is thrilled by Will's ability to repeatedly escape his grasp, and yet at the same time, frustrated that he hasn't gotten to sink his teeth into Will's neck yet; that Will continues to prance through the woods, unknotted and unclaimed, neck pale and unmarked as the day he was born.

Unable to help himself, Will twists his fingers a bit, stroking at his sensitive walls. His breath is shaky, aroused but still quiet.

He thinks.

He hopes.

"You're hours into your heat, little one," comes Hannibal's voice suddenly. It's much closer than before, Will realizes with a jolt of excitement and apprehension. Hannibal's found his scent again. "You must be positively **aching**," Hannibal purrs, and it's true.

Will's lips fall open, throat working around a soft whine of agreement that he just barely holds back. His hole clamps down hard again, fingers twisting and thrusting just slightly, unable to help himself. He can feel that instinctual omegan cry, the one designed to call his alpha to him, building up in his chest, and he grits his teeth, trying with all of his might to hold it back.

"Allow me to soothe that ache, darling boy. You know I'm the only one that can."

The footsteps grow closer. Will can smell Hannibal's smugness, his growing excitement. He knows he's close. He thinks he's going to win this time.

Will bares his teeth. *He's not.*

Silently, Will pulls his fingers from his hole and out of his pants. They're soaked, covered in a thin layer of slick that spiderwebs between his fingers. The scent bursts in the air, thick and sweet. Will hears Hannibal's sudden, hungry gasp and knows he has only seconds. He uncurls himself from the alcove, ready.

When Hannibal rounds the corner, eyes glowing red in the dark, Will shoves his slick-covered fingers into the alpha's open, snarling mouth.

He realizes moments too late that this had, perhaps, been a *very* bad idea. Hannibal roars in surprise and displeasure, teeth clamping down, and Will goes through every stage of grief for his poor fingers in a matter of seconds, resolutely **not** thinking about the wave of slick that gushes from his hole at the thought of Hannibal biting off the digits.

He doesn't lose them, though. It takes maybe a fraction of a single, terrifying second, and then Hannibal is moaning, tongue curling around Will's fingers as he registers the sweet taste

of his omega. His eyes go hazy, alpha red melting into lovesick pink, and he sucks hard, lapping up Will's slick in the same manner he'd lapped another man's blood from that very hand only hours ago.

Will whimpers, hole spasming greedily, and takes his chance. Pulling his fingers swiftly from Hannibal's mouth, Will presses his palm to the alpha's chin and shoves his head back into the stone wall with a sharp *crack!*

Hannibal stumbles, expression open and shocked.

Will takes off.

Heart pounding, the omega dashes through the cave, praying he's going in the right direction. He can hear Hannibal close behind him, snarling in anger at being denied his prize yet again, but Will's had time to rest and regain his strength.

Hannibal just had his head slammed into a wall.

The distance between them grows, and then Will bursts out of the cave and back into the woods, free once again.

The ache between his legs gets worse with every passing moment. Will keeps running because he wants to, but eventually it becomes too tantalizing to resist. Will needs Hannibal's knot, and he needs it now.

But he won't just let Hannibal catch him. Where the fuck is the fun in that?

Mind racing, Will slows to a stop. He can't smell Hannibal anymore, which is either a really great sign or a terrible one; either he's outrun the beast, or he's upwind.

If he's going to turn the tables on Hannibal, he's got to find him first. Quickly, Will scans the trees around him, reasonably sure that Hannibal isn't **too** close, before scurrying up a nearby, tall tree.

From his higher vantage point, Will searches the forest floor for his mate. It's dark and difficult to see but Will's eyes are drawn to Hannibal like fate itself as he prowls in Will's direction. He stalks through the underbrush, movements slow and cautious, yet Will can see the carefully retained excitement in every step. It would be endearing if it weren't so attractive. There's blood on Hannibal's chin, no doubt from the split lip Will had likely given him in the cave, and Will's mouth waters.

His hole throbs.

He steadies himself in the tree branches, crouched and ready. Hannibal grows closer. Will's heart pounds, fingers flexing on the branch he clings to. He licks his lips, catching his tongue

on the point of his incisor and tasting iron in his mouth.

Hannibal is beneath him now. The alpha pauses, nose raised to scent the air, and Will watches with glee as his head tips, confusion flitting briefly over his features as Will's scent trail ends suddenly. He sniffs again, shoulders growing tight, and then his gaze roves slowly up towards the sky.

With a roar, Will drops down onto him.

He hits Hannibal hard and the two of them go tumbling, rolling in the grass, wrestling and snarling and snapping teeth. Hannibal comes out victorious at first, pressing him down in the grass with all of his weight, but Will wiggles out quickly, flipping them and straddling Hannibal, pinning his wrists in the dirt. Arousal jolts through his body at the bulge he suddenly feels pressed between his cheeks — dear Lord, Hannibal feels **huge.**

Will rolls his hips, baring his teeth in threat when Hannibal attempts to throw him off. The alpha's cheeks are flushed, pupils blown wide, and a crisp, smoky scent — Hannibal's pure, unadulterated lust — floods his mouth and nose and lungs until Will feels as though its seeping from his very pores.

"Hannibal," Will moans, digging his claws into Hannibal's wrists. He rolls his hips again, painfully aware of how **soaked** his pajamas have become. The wet fabric rubs against his ass, against the sensitive skin of his balls and little cock as he swivels his hips over Hannibal's glorious, straining erection again and again and again, until Will's skin tingles with oversensitivity, nerve endings sparking with intense pleasure. Will's cock is leaking too, spurting precum into his briefs and adding to the overall mess between their bodies.

"Will, darling," Hannibal growls, bucking his hips up in a clear plea to '*get the fuck on with it,'* but Will just shushes him, heady power and lust boiling in his blood.

"Shh, alpha," he purrs, voice hoarse. "You didn't catch me, did you? I caught *you."* Hannibal's nostrils flare, arousal burning in his gaze. "Do you really think you deserve to fuck me?"

Hannibal's expression twists, torn between indignant rage and overwhelming disappointment, and Will gasps because suddenly he **sees.**

Rage, because Will is **his.** His to chase, his to fuck.

Disappointment, because he is also Will's. Will's to catch, Will's to command. Disappointment because he'd let Will deny him if that's what he wanted.

It's the latter that stands out to Will, that grabs Will by the gut and twists him up into a shaking, trembling ball of lust, teetering dangerously on the edge of something beautiful.

It's a rush, he realizes, the power he holds over Hannibal. As deep in rut as he is, Will gets the sense that Hannibal would still leave him be, if that was what Will asked of him.

He'd pout and rage and people would most certainly die for it, but he'd let Will walk away.

The unexpected quasi-orgasm that thought triggers steamrolls through Will, tearing a long, low moan from his chest. His eyes flutter shut and his head falls back, hips jerking as jolts of white-hot bliss rocket down his spine. Hannibal's slacks are soaked now, and whether that's from the torrent of slick gushing from Will's hole or Hannibal's desperate, leaking cock, Will couldn't say. But as he rides out the aftershocks, whining through the dissatisfied need roaring in his gut despite his near climax, and opening bleary eyes to look down at Hannibal, Will knows one thing.

Neither of them could survive separation after this.

Hannibal looks *wrecked,* eyes hazy and wet with desperation and adoration. His chest is heaving, flushed red and sweating, and Will surges down to kiss him, releasing his wrists to fumble desperately with the buttons of Hannibal's slacks

He needs it now, he needs it now, he needs it right fucking now —

Hannibal's hips thrust up, fingers tangling in Will's hair and yanking, drawing a yelp from the omega and earning another roll of his hips. Hannibal nips at Will's lips, feeding him the salty, tangy taste of blood from his own split lip and Will shudders in his arms, pulling away and sitting up so he can pull Hannibal's cock out from slacks and satin briefs.

For a moment his brain is stuck on the satin briefs (*who the fuck wears satin to commit murder?*) and then everything in his mind screeches to a stop.

"Oh god, Hannibal—"

Quickly, Will realizes he may have severely misjudged Hannibal's size. Two hands wrapped around the shaft of Hannibal's cock isn't even enough to fully encompass his girth.

Hannibal is fucking ***massive.***

Without Will's permission, the mood shifts suddenly, drastically. Hannibal sits up, arms wrapping around Will's waist and pulling him close. He nuzzles at Will's cheek, cooing softly and whispering gentle things in a language Will doesn't understand in his ear, and it takes Will a second to figure out what is going on, but then he realizes — his scent had changed at the realization of just how big Hannibal is. It had soured with nerves, and Hannibal — his lovely, savage, cannibalistic, murdering mate — has suddenly gone sweet in the face of Will's anxiety.

It's adorable.

It's intoxicating.

Will is so fucking **wet.**

He nudges Hannibal's nose until the alpha grants him a soft kiss, one big, gentle hand rubbing soothingly at the base of Will's spine. Will purrs and arches into it, sucking at Hannibal's bottom lip until the alpha pulls away from the kiss, meeting Will's eyes with a sharp-toothed grin.

"We'll make it fit," he purrs, somehow both dirty and reassuring simultaneously. Will shivers, cheeks flushing hot. He nods, suddenly feeling a little shy.

He's never done this before. It was easy to avoid thinking about when he was feasting on fresh meat and being chased through the woods and wrestling with his alpha, but now, Will's virginity returns to the forefront of his mind without permission.

He's torn between the exciting yet nerve-wracking prospect of having **sex** for the first time, and the overwhelming, single-minded drive of his heat to *'damn it all and just get fucked."*

The apprehension must still be present on his face, because Hannibal leans in and kisses him again, this time filthy and with tongue. Will can't stop himself from whimpering, feeling dizzy all of a sudden. When Hannibal pulls away he stays close, cheeks pressed together. "*Do not be afraid; our fate cannot be taken from us,"* he coos into Will's ear as he inches his fingers up under Will's t-shirt. "We were made for one another, darling Will."

Will's belly quivers under Hannibal's expert touch, and then his brain short-circuits. He jerks back, expression incredulous. "Did you just quote Dante at me?"

Hannibal's eyes light up, thin lips stretching into a sharp grin. Evidently he's pleased that Will caught that. "We are one another's fates," he replies, instead of answering the damn question.

"Which means your monster of a dick **has** to fit in my ass?"

Hannibal's eye twitches, lips twisted into something halfway between shocked amusement and displeasure. Whether that displeasure is because of Will's crudeness, or because Will has ruined his dramatic, sensual moment could be anyone's guess, and Will would laugh if he wasn't such a mess of need and overwhelm. It's the first time Hannibal's careful veneer has cracked, the first time Will's seen a *person* behind the beast, the artist, the alpha, and it just makes Will want Hannibal all the more fiercely.

As quickly as it had appeared, the crack fills in. Back is the salacious smile, red eyes twinkling as he leans forward to nip at Will's jaw. "We were made for one another, Darling," he repeats, evidently unwilling to allow Will's vulgar personality to ruin his show. His hands slide around Will's stomach to his hips, and then down, grin growing wider as Will yelps. Big, strong fingers dig into the meat of Will's ass as Hannibal leans back in, as if to kiss Will, and instead growls against his lips, "**This** was made for me."

Will can't argue with that, and even if he could, the fresh wave of slick that dribbles from his hole would have betrayed him.

"Okay," he whispers instead, eyes wide and face hot. Hannibal's hands, still on Will's ass, flex in the damp fabric, and when he leans in to kiss Will again, the overwhelming needy lustfulness of his heat rushes back in. Will squirms, sliding his fingers through the dusting of hair on Hannibal's chest. "Okay," he breathes again against Hannibal's lips, nodding and kissing the alpha again and again and again. "Okay."

"Do you trust me?"

"Against my better judgement."

Hannibal grins. "Marvelous boy," he growls and then, before Will can comprehend what's happening, he's in the air. Will yelps, cinching his legs tight around Hannibal's waist as the alpha hauls him up by his ass and begins walking, carrying Will further into the woods. Scrabbling for stability, Will twists one set of claws in the hair at the base of Hannibal's neck and the other in the bulging muscle of his shoulder as he attempts to hold on for dear life. A quiet snarl and the hint of teeth from Hannibal are the only indication that it hurts, but he remains unaffected otherwise, stalking through the forest with his prize finally in hand.

"Where are we going?" Will asks, squirming in Hannibal's grip just to feel the alpha clutch him tighter. That had been a perfectly good spot of forest floor and he wants to get fucked. He wants it **now.** He doesn't understand how moving can be something that even crosses Hannibal's mind.

"Back to your gift," Hannibal answers simply, fingers dancing suspiciously close to Will's hole as he continues to grope him and walk at the same time. When Will makes a questioning noise as to why, Hannibal leans back to smile at him, as if the answer is obvious. "At some point in your heat, you will get hungry again, and I will not have the time nor the desire to leave your side to retrieve sustenance."

Will is snarling, fingers tightening and yanking in Hannibal's hair before he even realizes it. The idea of Hannibal leaving his side now that they've caught one another is abhorrent, *unthinkable,* and Will will **kill** Hannibal before he allows that to happen.

Hannibal beams and lets his head be jerked around, as if he can read Will's mind and is positively *delighted* at the possessive and violent thoughts racing through it. "I have already prepared us a meal that will last the duration of your heat," he hums, puffing out his chest like a showboating peacock. Will relaxes just a bit. "Mr. Caulfield has many more organs for us to feast on. He may have been useless and unspeakably rude in life, but at least now he may serve the honor of being consumed by my omega."

Will squirms again, heart fluttering.

He's terribly touched by the sentiment, but also the way the words *"my omega"* sound melting from Hannibal's lips makes him even more wet, and thus even more impatient for the sex to start. "Walk faster," he grumbles, mashing his face into Hannibal's neck to scent him and bite at his skin with his fangs in a manner that is both threatening and self-indulgent.

"Of course, my love." Hannibal sounds terribly smug and Will bites him again, laving his tongue over Hannibal's scent gland in revenge.

"Your knot had better be worth it," Will adds because he's feeling a little snarky now. He's been fed and he's been chased, and now that those needs have been met, he's feeling more like himself than he ever has during a heat. He feels more lucid, more in control, more aware of what he wants.

And what he wants is Hannibal's knot in his ass.

"If it is not, Darling, I'll let you kill me for it," the alpha promises with a serene, pleased expression, and Will growls. That's just not fucking fair. He doesn't get to say things like that, things that make Will's stomach twist with butterflies and his hole clench with need and his cock leak.

Will scrapes his teeth over Hannibal's scent gland again in retaliation, and tries not to think about how wet his alpha's smugness makes him.

When they reach the clearing, neither Will nor Hannibal give the tableu a second look, too busy tearing into one another like they're the meal. Hannibal drops to his knees, laying Will onto the grass with a surprising amount of self-control and gentleness, and then he's ripping at Will's t-shirt, leaving it in tatters on the forest floor. He descends upon Will like a starving animal, bullying his way between the omega's legs and biting at his collarbones, leaving a trail of hot and wet suck-bruises from his jugular to the juts of his hipbones. Will is a moaning mess, fingers tangling in Hannibal's hair and back arching into his cannibal's mouth.

"Beautiful," Hannibal hisses before he takes a nipple into his mouth, sucking on the sensitive nub until Will is squirming and whining from oversensitivity, unsure of whether he wants more or needs less. When it becomes **too much** and Will yanks on Hannibal's hair, the alpha merely switches to the other side and gives it the same treatment.

"Hannibal!" Will moans, trembling at the onslaught of sensations. "I want your knot!"

"So demanding," Hannibal growls, licking over each sensitive nipple with the broad flatness of his tongue. He switches between the two of them until Will is kicking at him, gasping for breath and shaking like a leaf in the wind. "And so sensitive," he purrs, pinching Will's left nipple hard, and evidently delighting in the way Will spasms and shouts, if the way he immediately does the same to the right is any indication.

"I swear to God, Hannibal, if you don't put your dick in me right fucking now, you won't have one anymore," Will snarls, swiping his claws at Hannibal's rude hands and then shoving at his pants. The alpha laughs, leaning down to kiss Will like he just can't help but be enamored by how pissy Will is. Will barks out a protest, but then Hannibal's fingers curl in the waistband of his pajama pants and tug them off along with his briefs in one swift movement, exposing Will completely to the cool forest air.

Will's complaints die on his tongue.

Instinctively, he curls up. There are too many soft, vulnerable parts of him that are exposed right now, and it's dangerous to let a predator like Hannibal gaze upon them as he's doing now, with dark, hungry eyes and teeth dripping with venom.

Hannibal doesn't let him hide for long, though. He claws Will's legs apart, leaving thin red lines in the pale skin of his thighs and pressing his knees hard into the grass. Will's chest heaves, feeling entirely too open and exposed, but as soon as one of Hannibal's hands makes its way down to that sensitive spot between Will's cheeks, his heat takes over and he arches into Hannibal's touch desperately, spreading himself wide in offering.

"Hannibal, now," he begs, digging his claws into the thin skin of Hannibal's wrist. He's leaking so much he's worried he'll dehydrate himself, but Hannibal seems content to let that happen, hiking Will's legs over his elbows and spreading his ass with both hands, thumbing at Will's hole like it's something soft and fun to play with, and not something he should be sticking his fat knot into **right fucking now.**

Will almost sobs when one of those thick thumbs presses slowly inside him, pulling at his soaked rim with blatant curiosity. He knows he'd been afraid to take Hannibal's massive length inside him before, but now he doesn't care if it hurts. It'll hurt more if Hannibal doesn't fuck him right this second.

"Hannibal!"

Hannibal finally looks up at that, and Will's breath halts.

Now it's Hannibal's turn to look hesitant. He looks unbearably young like this, and distantly Will wonders if *he's* ever done this before, or if this is his first time too. It makes Will want to grab him and coo at him and kiss him until he's sure of himself once again. Hannibal withdraws his thumb from Will's hole and presses in one finger, sliding in easily and deeply with the rivers of slick Will is producing. "I haven't pre—"

Will grabs Hannibal by the chest hair and yanks him forward into a kiss. "You said it yourself," he purrs and reaches one hand down between them to nudge Hannibal's hand away, grab his thick cock, and line it up with his hole. "We were made for each other. Fuck prep, I need you **now.**"

The press of Hannibal's spongy head to Will's puckered rim has both of them shuddering and bucking. Hannibal's eyes flash red and his lip curls and Will grins.

There's his alpha.

With a snarl, Hannibal shoves inside with nothing but Will's slick to ease the way. Will shouts, body arching off the ground at the wave of pleasure and sharp pain that surges through him. Tears well up in his eyes, and whether that's from the pain or from the relief of finally being full, Will can't tell. All he knows is that Hannibal is thick and hot as he bottoms out, and finally, *finally*, Will feels at peace.

He's been fed and chased and filled, and now all there is left for him to do is grab onto Hannibal's shoulders and let the alpha take care of him.

Hannibal goes slowly at first, massive hands holding firmly onto either hipbone as he pulls Will down onto his cock slowly but surely. His teeth are bared and his chest is flushed red with the strain of clearly holding himself back. He's in rut, Will reminds himself (as if he could fucking forget) so this can't be easy. Will whines and tugs him down by his hair for a rewarding kiss, a silent thank you for treating him so well.

The steady roll of Hannibal's hips against his draws soft moans from Will's chest with every breath. Hannibal swallows them down greedily, biting at Will's bottom lip and sucking on the top one. Very quickly the pain from penetration fades away as Will's heat-stricken body

easily adapts, and soon Will feels like he's drowning in pleasure, trembling and insensate with ecstasy buzzing through every nerve ending. Hannibal doesn't even need to search for his prostate; it feels as though through sheer girth alone he constantly rubs over the little bundle of nerves, sending Will's eyes rolling with every thrust. Will's cock leaks incessantly between their bellies, precum pooling in the dip of Will's stomach and dripping in rivulets off his hips, and when Hannibal drops down to his elbows suddenly, body covering Will's in a warm, protective blanket, Will feels the orgasm that had slowly been building in his belly burst, flooding him with endorphins as he comes around Hannibal's cock for the first time.

It's so good.

God, it's *so, so good*.

Will didn't think it could be this good.

He sobs a little, nails scrabbling at Hannibal's back as he searches for some sort of grounding. He feels like he's going to float away with bliss, like he's nothing but a ball of trembling pleasure, overwrought and dripping with sensation. He's barely participating in their kiss anymore, unable to do much but moan and gasp and clamp down around Hannibal's lovely, perfect cock, but Hannibal doesn't seem to mind, fucking Will right through his first orgasm and towards the next, petting soothingly at Will's flank even as he increases the speed and intensity of his thrusts. He nuzzles Will's temple lovingly, murmuring sweet and filthy words into his ear in a language that Will doesn't understand, and Will feels his second orgasm rocket towards him uncontrollably, locking up every muscle from his toes to his fingertips despite the fact that *he can't be coming again, he's only just orgasmed—*

*"*Hannibal, Hannibal, Ha-*Ahh!"* Will's back arches off the forest floor, vision going white and semen spattering across Hannibal's chest as he comes again.

Good *lord*, is this what heats are supposed to be like? Is this what he'd been missing?

Fuck the heart, fuck the chase, **this** is what he needed.

Will's chest heaves as he comes down from his second peak, turning his head to press towards Hannibal's in a silent plea for comfort. He feels oversensitive and weak, legs trembling as he wraps them around Hannibal's still pistoning hips. He half expects it to start hurting but it never does. Hannibal acquiesces to his request, taking his lips in another deep, all-consuming kiss, but his thrusting doesn't tire nor does it slow. What had felt like slight discomfort for mere seconds cycles back to pleasure quickly and Will presses his nose to Hannibal's cheek and sobs, gasping in his scent like he needs it to breathe.

"Alpha," he whines, rolling his hips up into Hannibal's with abandon. The filthy smack of their skin echoes through the forest air along with Will's wanton sounds, but Will can barely hear it over the blood rushing in his ears. He rakes his nails down over Hannibal's back just to make the alpha snarl and slam his cock harder into Will until Will can feel it in the base of his spine. "Don't stop, don't stop, don't sto — oh god, *fuck!* Hannibal!" Will babbles incoherently, mindless with euphoria. It's so good and it's too much but at the same time it's not enough, **he needs more.**

There's this ache in his belly that has yet to go away, even as his inner omega purrs and dozes in the wake of not one but **two** mindblowing orgasms, and that ache gets worse with every moment. He tries not to think about the fact that the spot in his belly where it aches the most is where his uterus lies, untouched and unbred, but with every orgasm the alpha wrings out of him, Will becomes more and more aware of the shadow of emptiness that's hovering in the peripheral of his mind.

He needs Hannibal's knot, and as lovely and as perfect and as mind-boggling all this sex is, he's not going to be satisfied until he gets it. He hasn't even gone soft between orgasms, he thinks dazedly, registering distantly the harsh, rough pants of his mate against his skin as the alpha mouths and bites at his neck.

"Graži butybūė," Hannibal purrs, scraping his fangs over Will's scent gland. He licks broadly over the gland with the flat of his tongue, coating his mouth in Will's pheromones and making Will's skin burn. "Aš suvalgysiu tave gyvą."

Will digs the claws of one hand into Hannibal's spine and the other in his hair, pressing the alpha's face against his gland as he nods feverishly. He doesn't know what Hannibal is saying but he knows deep in his blood that he agrees, that he wants it, whatever Hannibal is promising him.

He needs it.

"Knot me, Hannibal," he finds himself begging suddenly, gasping for air. "Knot me, please, I need it!"

"Hush, Mangustėli," his mate coos, and then his thrusting slows, turning into deep grinds that make Will's toes curl. He nuzzles his way up Will's jaw until they're nose to nose, gazing at one another through half-lidded, hazy eyes. Will whimpers.

"Ple—"

"Hush." Will's mouth clamps shut but he's unable to stop the soft, pitiful whining that's coming from somewhere deep in his chest. It's embarrassing, almost. Hannibal strokes his cheek sweetly in a way that almost feels mean, because he's being so gentle and soft and slow, even though he knows how urgently empty Will is. "I know what you need, little one."

And then he sits up, grasps Will's hips, and pulls out.

Will's cry of mourning echoes through all of Louisiana.

Panic seizes his chest and he scrambles to grab Hannibal, tears streaming down his cheeks as his hole spasms and winks erratically, grasping for a cock that isn't there anymore. That empty ache is gaping now and he gasps, choking on his sobs as he claws at Hannibal's forearms, drawing blood in his agony. "No, no, no, Alpha please!" He's burning, burning so hot he thinks he might *die* if he doesn't get knotted right this moment.

"Oh I know, Mangustėli**,"** Hannibal coos, thumbs wiping at the tears on Will's face. His cock ruts awkwardly between Will's ass cheeks, hot and leaking against Will's skin, and Will

almost starts cussing because it's so warm and wet and clearly **not** where it belongs! "I'm going to give you what you need," Hannibal promises. "Turn over for me."

And part of Will wants to disobey. Part of him wants to snarl and hiss and claw out Hannibal's pretty red eyes for doing this to him, for teasing him and placating him and calling him sweet, heart-wrenching things instead of just giving him what he fucking wants.

But part of him also wants to be good for Hannibal. Part of him wants to make Hannibal happy and proud, wants to show Hannibal how *good* of an omega he can be.

And part of him just wants the fucking knot already.

So Will lets Hannibal turn him over onto his stomach and pull him up and onto his knees so he's presenting, face buried in his arms, cock twitching and leaking as it hangs between his legs. He bites into the meat of his forearm, still sniffling with tears, and silently prays that his slick, puffy hole is enticing enough to make Hannibal finally give him what he wants.

Hannibal slides his palm soothingly over Will's back in big, slow strokes following the length of his spine. Will feels like he's being placated.

Placated and admired, but not fucked.

"Exquisite," Hannibal growls, thumbs digging into the meat of Will's ass to spread his cheeks and admire his leaking hole. Will snarls over his shoulder but it's weak and teary, and it sounds like it's coming from a mewling kitten rather than an adult omega. Hannibal merely makes an amused sound and continues to fondle Will.

Will lets his head fall back onto his arms, eyes shut and weepy. His legs tremble, barely holding him up, ribs aching with his heaving, panting breaths.

Will is a wild thing; he knows this.

It doesn't surprise him that his mate is a dangerous man. It doesn't surprise him that his mate is a murderer. It doesn't even surprise him that his mate is a cannibal.

But never could he have imagined that his mate would be so **mean.**

Something warm and slick swipes over Will's hole — Hannibal's tongue, he realizes with a weak sob of arousal. He pulls out grass with his claws, unable to keep himself from pushing back into the wonderful, *wonderful* stimulation that's still not enough. Hannibal's tongue is hot and **flexible**, fucking easily into his hole and slurping up the slick that leaks from him, sliding in wet rivulets down his perineum and balls and dripping down his damp thighs. It's messy and filthy and so goddamn wet Will's ears flush, but the eager way Hannibal laps at his ass is also mind-blowingly hot, and Will is torn between continuing to fight for a knot and giving up, letting Hannibal do whatever he wants to his body and losing himself in the pleasure. It's such a good feeling, though, that he can't focus on his options long enough to decide, which, ironically, ends up making his decision for him. Will's muscles go lax, face shoved into the dirt as he thrusts his hips minutely, rocking back and forth on Hannibal's tongue as it wiggles into his hole and stretches him open.

Suddenly, Hannibal slips in a finger.

Will wails into the dirt. Hannibal's index finger is thick and long and finds his prostate easily, scrubbing over the spongy hotspot and turning Will's legs to jelly.

Still, it's not enough.

Hannibal adds a second finger. Will realizes he's whining; a warbling, embarrassing litany of *"more, more, more, more!"* but he can't find it in himself to feel ashamed. He can feel another orgasm building up in his belly, and it should feel good. He should be excited to come again, he should be pleased that his mate is able to please him so well, take such good care of him during his heat and make him come over and over and over again.

Instead, Will feels a mounting surge of distress at the thought that he might once again orgasm without Hannibal's knot.

But Hannibal is as attuned to Will as he is mean. There's a sudden pause in his movements, a slight catch in his breath, and Will can smell the moment he senses Will's distress, the burst of protectiveness in the air as his alpha instincts respond rapidly to a distressed mate.

It spurs a fire in Will's bones. Suddenly, as if awoken from a haze, Will howls and surges up, twisting, taking advantage of Hannibal's momentary freeze to tackle the alpha to the ground and spear himself on his cock. It punches twin moans from them both as Will sinks right down to the hilt, gloriously full once again, and Will spares no time before he starts moving, fucking himself fervently on Hannibal's cock. Hannibal snarls, hands grabbing Will's hips in an iron grip, but before he can manhandle Will off his cock and back into the position he wants him in, Will wraps his hands around Hannibal's throat and squeezes.

Hannibal's eyes go wide. His pupils blow, mouth open in a gasp at the feeling. It makes Will's cock jump, spurts of precum landing on Hannibal's muscled abdomen as he goes completely lax beneath Will.

Oh, Will thinks, flexing his fingers against Hannibal's skin and watching as the alpha's lashes flutter, face contorting in a silent moan. *He likes this.*

Despite his desperation and agony and overwhelming need for a knot, Will grins. He lets up the pressure on Hannibal's neck but doesn't remove his hands, a silent threat as he returns his attention to riding Hannibal, head tipped back in rapturous pleasure as the new position forces Hannibal's cock even deeper than before. He lets his eyes flutter shut, imagining the way Hannibals cockhead would kiss his cervix, teasing the entrance to his womb and preparing to **breed** him — God, Will has never entertained the thought of having pups before, but now he imagines Hannibal fucking him full of his seed until it takes and Will grows heavy with his pups and it's a *beautiful* thought.

He's leaking copiously now, little cock flushed red and bobbing with every bounce of his hips. The wet *splat!* of Will's ass as it comes in contact with Hannibal's groin, soaked with Will's slick, only makes him leak more, and then suddenly Hannibal's hand is wrapping around his cock, thumb spreading precum all over the sensitive head and making Will cry out. Will takes one hand off Hannibal's neck to grab his wrist in a desperate bid to keep him

from attempting to jack Will off because he's once again close, and Will **refuses** to come without Hannibal's knot locked inside him.

"Hannibal, Hannibal, do it!" He's beyond begging. Will's not asking anymore, he's demanding it. "Knot me or so help me I will—"

"Darling—" Hannibal cuts them both off with a low moan, digging the claws of his free hand into Will's hip to help him bounce even as he protests. "Darling, you're not stretched enough, it's your first—" He moans again. "It won't be comfortable like this."

Will has both hands back on Hannibal's throat before he even realizes it, righteous fury igniting him from the inside out. He snarls, pressing down on Hannibal's windpipe until the other man wheezes. "You know what's not comfortable, Hannibal?" He sneers, panting as he grinds down on Hannibal's thick cock. "Being teased for hours without a knot, when I'm in fucking heat!"

Hannibal gasps for air and lets go of Will's cock, scrabbling at Will's wrist instead. Thick fingers wet with Will's fluids curl around Will's wrist with an iron grip but he doesn't push or pull. He doesn't stop Will as Will presses down harder, as he squeezes his fingers around Hannibal's throat and feels his pulse rabbit beneath his touch. He doesn't do anything except stare up at Will with rapturous adoration in his eyes, even as his throat works uselessly beneath Will's grip and his face begins to purple.

Suddenly, Will understands why his mate had delighted in being so **mean.**

Hannibal looks ethereal when Will tears him apart.

"What gives?" he taunts, leaning down until their noses nearly touch. He relents his grip enough for Hannibal to suck in a single, desperate breath and then he dives back in, digging his thumb into the soft space beneath Hannibal's jaw and delighting in the give of delicate flesh. "Why won't you give me what I want? What kind of alpha doesn't give his omega a knot when he wants it?" Will hisses, watching as Hannibal's eyes flutter and his cock throbs inside Will's hole, hot and pulsing.

A look flits across Hannibal's face, desperate and aroused and yet furious, and Will's grin grows teeth. Malicious glee bursts in his chest.

"You **can** knot, right?"

Hannibal's hips jump, lips curling into an indignant snarl that he doesn't have enough breath to release. It makes Will laugh, cruel and condescending. "Is that it? Is that what all of this is? The hunting, the cannibalism, the theatrics? Are you **compensating**, Hannibal?"

It's not true. They both know it. Hannibal is young and strong and virile, and Will can smell it on him. He can taste the testosterone in Hannibal's scent and feel the spot at the base of Hannibal's cock that throbs hotter than the rest of his shaft. Hannibal is perfectly capable of knotting Will, and when he does, Will knows it will be *glorious.*

But Will can't stop himself, not as he lets Hannibal suck in another gasping breath, red eyes wide and wet with lust and awe. "Pathetic," Will sneers, rutting backwards even as he taunts the alpha. "An alpha that can't knot? How can you expect to please me, Hannibal?" Will tilts his head mockingly, delighting in the desperate moan that finally makes its way out of Hannibal's crushed windpipe. "You really thought yourself worthy of me? You thought a little tableau could make up for that? Without a knot?" The words pour from his lips like the venom that drips from Hannibal's fangs. Will leans close once again, nose wrinkling in faux disappointment. "I should skin you alive for the disgrace."

It's at those words that Hannibal's hips kick violently. His eyes squeeze shut and his jaw drops open, and finally, **finally,** Hannibal orgasms.

Will gasps at the sudden intense stretch, knot swelling up rapidly just inside Will's rim as the alpha pumps what feels like gallons of seed into his womb, and at the combination of the wet, slick heat filling him, the utter ecstasy on Hannibal's red, gasping face, and the near painful stretch in his ass, Will comes as well, sobbing with overwhelming pleasure so hot he could melt. Will gasps and cries, riding out the waves of his orgasm with tears on his cheeks and satisfaction rippling through his body.

Oh fuck, yes!

Will remembers Mr. Bergeron, the haughty, red-faced alpha that had been in charge of their 8th grade health class, boasting that a knot was the most pleasurable thing an omega could ever hope to feel in their pathetic little life. Mr. Bergeron had been a short and sweaty man, smelling of cigarette smoke and reeking of insecurity. Will had assumed he'd been exaggerating.

He hadn't.

Will hunches over, insensate with pleasure, body curling in on itself and trembling violently as his orgasm continues, lasting noticeably longer than his last two had. Distantly, he registers that Hannibal's knot is still growing, even as the flow of seed slows. He should be ripping apart by now, knot so thick he thinks he can feel it in the back of his throat, and Hannibal had been right: Will hadn't been prepared for penetration, let alone a knot this size, this deep. But Will doesn't tear, hole squeezing snugly around Hannibal's cock and continuing to stretch, continuing to adapt to his alpha — his true mate's — perfect knot.

Hannibal had been right that Will hadn't been prepared, yes, but he'd also been right that Will's hole was meant for him.

Will's brain is white with pleasure. He keeps waiting for the waves of ecstasy to peter out, to grow smaller and smaller until Will collapses in satisfaction against Hannibal's chest, but they don't.

Instead, they get bigger.

Will sobs and squirms, eyes squeezed shut, claws digging into Hannibal's belly and knees drawn tight against his chest. His toes curl in the damp earth at every white hot spasm of his

hole around that fat knot and *oh god,* every muscle in his body is so tight and it feels so good and Will thinks he might die.

It doesn't stop.

The ecstatic frenzy in his pelvis is only getting bigger, hotter, filling him up with overwhelming bliss and *fuck—*

It doesn't stop.

He can't take it anymore. An inkling of panic flashes through Will's mind. He's going to burst. *Oh god,* Will thinks deliriously, *it's not stopping, I **am** going to die—*

"***Will."*** Hannibal's voice bursts through the buzzing in his ear suddenly, hoarse and wobbly and distant, like Will is a million miles away in his pleasure. It takes an enormous amount of focus, an amount Will isn't even sure he has, to open his eyes and fix his gaze on his alpha below him, but even then he can't really see Hannibal. His lashes are wet with tears, vision terribly blurry and another desperate half-sob half-moan rips itself from his throat as another wave of bliss overtakes him. "Will," Hannibal coos again, and then his hand is on Will's cheek, wiping at his tears and grounding him as the ecstasy threatens to wash him away once more. "Darling, breathe." He sounds out of breath himself but still far more lucid than Will, which Will doesn't understand.

How can he be feeling this and not be falling apart?

It doesn't stop.

"That's it, my love. Breathe, in and out. Don't fight it, just breathe."

It doesn't stop.

Another surge of ecstasy. Will cries out, chest heaving, but Hannibal just hushes him sweetly and rubs at Will's lower belly with one big, warm palm.

"Hannibal I can't—" Will sobs. "I can't stop—"

"I know," his alpha soothes. He sounds unbearably proud, and it just lights another fire in Will's loins, making him nearly scream at another wave of white-hot bliss. Hannibal's knot isn't growing anymore, now just sitting thick and overwhelming, pressed right against Will's prostate, and Will's pretty sure he's coming dry at this point, soft cock spasming weakly against Hannibal's stomach with every new swell of heat that curls in Will's abdomen. "I know, sweet boy. Just keep breathing."

He tries, he really does, but his throat is starting to ache with how heavily he's panting. There's a ringing in his ears, and then he screams, for real this time, at the feeling of Hannibal's cock — that massive, unyielding **thing** inside him — shifting as the alpha raises his knees and plants his feet in the dirt.

It's so good.

It's *too* good.

Will didn't know it was possible for one person to feel this good.

It doesn't stop.

"Lean back, little one. Relax. Let it happen." Hannibal's hand, the one on Will's belly, gently pushes, encouraging Will to fall boneless against Hannibal's thighs, shivering and whimpering and **still fucking coming.**

It doesn't even feel like multiple climaxes. There's no coming down between them, no reprieve between the surges of ecstasy, just pleasure that doesn't stop, that grows and grows and grows and *is never going to stop,* he thinks. Will's hips kick, muscles spasming and eyes rolled into the back of his skull.

"Good boy, Will."

It doesn't stop.

It feels like it goes on forever. Will mewls and bawls and trembles on Hannibal's knot, unable to squirm away or make it stop. At one point he thinks he passes out, unable to take so much sensation, but a fresh surge in his orgasm reawakens him in an instant, bringing him back to himself keening and wailing.

He doesn't feel like a person anymore, just a ball of pulsing, nearly-painful pleasure, stuffed full of knot and alpha cum.

It doesn't stop.

The thought that he's going to die drifts in and out of his brain over and over again as it goes on.

It doesn't stop.

Hannibal continues to stroke his belly, murmuring sweet, hungry things to him in both English and that other language Will doesn't recognize. He sounds perfectly calm, like Will being stuck in a never-ending orgasm is perfectly normal, but Will isn't sure how much longer Hannibal's calmness can continue to soothe him.

He's not sure how much more he can take.

At some point, something has got to give. He **needs** something to give.

It doesn't stop.

After an eternity, Hannibal's knot starts to shrink. It's slow enough that Will's hole starts to tighten with it, it seems, but not slow enough for Will not to notice the gaping emptiness that begins to make itself known once again.

Will's clarity comes back to him slowly. Gradually, feeling comes back to him in his toes and fingers, which he realizes are clutched so tightly around Hannibal's free hand, the alpha's fingers have turned white. Eventually, Will can feel his legs again, still shaking violently where they lay useless at Hannibal's sides. His lungs burn, throat hoarse and screamed raw, and he's **exhausted.**

He's also soaking wet. They both are, but he's not sure how much of that is sweat or slick or cum or tears. Likely, it's a combination of all four.

Will hiccups with little punched-out sobs that Hannibal just shushes, still stroking his belly and looking up at him with blatant adoration in his eyes. "Back with me, Will?"

Will lets his heavy eyelids close again. He shakes his head, despite the fact that his ability to even respond is an indication that he kind of is. Hannibal laughs quietly and then sits up, shifting Will, who sobs and protests and squirms from oversensitivity, in his lap. It's too much too soon — it still feels like it never **stopped** being too much, actually — but as Hannibal's arms encase him and pull him close, pressing Will's hot, tingling skin to his own, Will melts a little, soothed just a bit.

For a long while Will just sits there, letting Hannibal brush back his hair and bump their noses together and gently put him back together.

"What **was** that?" Will breathes out after some time, when he finally feels like he has breath to spare and his tongue is no longer a useless lump in his mouth. He opens his eyes to meet Hannibal's gaze. The alpha's eyes are deep red with satisfaction and bright with joy, with amusement, with satiety, and his lips are curled in a pretty, thin smile.

"That, my dear Will, was **us,**" he says, and Will doesn't even know what that means.

"Cryptic, pretentious bastard," he bites out, and then lets Hannibal give him a kiss that's sweeter than he deserves for that comment.

"Did it feel good?" Hannibal asks against his lips, as if he doesn't know the fucking answer to that.

"Good is a fucking understatement."

The smug look on Hannibal's face makes Will want to smack him, but he's too tired for that, and even he can admit that for once Hannibal deserves to feel smug. So instead, he lets Hannibal kiss him again, and then sighs and tips his head as the alpha presses soft bites along his jaw. "Is it always going to be like that?"

"Every single time I knot you," Hannibal purrs in his ear, filthy and self-satisfied, and Will whimpers, stomach spasming with phantom bliss at the thought.

"Oh god—" Will isn't sure he'll be able to take that. "I think I'll die."

"La petit mort," Hannibal coos, terribly amused. This time Will can't stop the weak laugh that leaves his lips. Then, "**Mirtyje esi dar gražesnė nei gyvenime,"** is murmured against his

neck in that foreign language again, the alpha's deep rumble pulling a soft sigh from Will's lips.

"What language is that?" He asks, hands dancing across Hannibal's chest and broad shoulders as some of his energy slowly returns to him.

"Lithuanian," Hannibal answers almost absent-mindedly as he licks and nibbles at Will's neck. Will is distantly aware that Hannibal is carving a path down to his scent gland, which remains unbitten and thus unclaimed despite the furiousness of their coupling. He does nothing to stop the alpha, instead threading his fingers in the hair at the base of Hannibal's neck and playing with the soft, sweaty strands.

"It's beautiful. What does it mean?" He squirms as Hannibal sticks his tongue out and licks, broadly, up his neck and back to his ear. The alpha's hands sweep across his back in a loving caress as he nibbles at Will's ear, delighting in the soft gasps his incisors pull out of his omega.

"You are even more beautiful in death than you are in life."

Will gasps. The soft, heated whisper against the shell of his ear makes his entire body tingle, but the words themselves are what make that fire in Will's belly reignite, sparking back to life.

Oh god.

He **just** came down from the most intense orgasm of his life, and somehow he's already ready for more. As he pulls back to look Hannibal in the eye, he watches Hannibal's nostrils flare and his pupils dilate rapidly as he scents Will's renewed arousal. His cock, which had gone soft but was still hot and wet inside Will's hole, gives a little kick and then starts to fill out again, thickening inside Will once more. Will clutches at Hannibal's shoulders, anticipation stealing his breath as his own cock grows plump between their bellies and once again starts to leak, pearly little drops of precum welling up at the oversensitive, pink tip. He's already sitting in a pile of his own slick that's steadily growing bigger, though to be quite honest, he's not sure he ever stopped leaking.

"Hannibal," Wills whispers breathlessly, whimpering and shifting his hips when the alpha's arms tighten around him. "Alpha, please—"

"Of course, my love. What do you need, Will?" Hannibal rumbles gruffly, mouthing at Will's lips like he would the omega's neck — sloppy and messy and possessive.

"Bite me," Will begs. "Please. Don't make me wait this time." He's not sure he could bear the teasing anymore, not now that he knows how good Hannibal makes him feel, but he certainly doesn't have the energy to take what he wants for himself this time, still boneless from the last orgasm despite the need growing restless in his belly.

"I won't," Hannibal promises, groping Will's hips and kissing him between every breath. Without realizing it, Will has started to roll his hips again, and the oversensitive walls of his

hole are already tingling with pleasure, spasming tight around Hannibal's dick to encourage him to *get it up already and fuck me again.* "Will you present for me again, sweet thing?"

Will mewls in protest without meaning to, remembering the last time he'd let the alpha manhandle him into that position, but Hannibal just shushes him and squeezes his hips. "I'll give you what you need, Will. I promise."

And Will shouldn't trust him. The man is a goddamn cannibal. A sadist, even. But he does. Nodding weakly, Will pushes himself off Hannibal's cock with the help of Hannibal's strong arms and moves to get into position.

He's woefully unprepared, however, for the sudden rush of slick and semen that drips from his gaping hole.

Will shouts, panicked, and instinctively reaches around and shoves three fingers into his hole to keep Hannibal's spend inside. His fingers are too small, though, too thin compared to Hannibal's massive knot, and Will thinks he might start hyperventilating as alpha cum leaks out around his fingers, dripping onto the grass.

He's saved, however, by his lovely mate, who calmly and gently pushes three of his own thick fingers in beside Will's, plugging him up soundly. Will sighs shakily in relief, feeling his cheeks flush red in embarrassment. He's unable to meet Hannibal's eyes as he mumbles a weak, "Thank you," but the alpha just kisses his temple and slowly maneuvers him onto his hands and knees.

"That's it, I've got you." His free hand gently pushes down between Will's shoulder blades until Will's head is once again pillowed on his free arm, chest pressed to the ground. Will's hole spasms around their fingers, spurting slick out around the plug as his body prepares itself for a good, deep breeding. "I'm going to take our hands out now, okay?"

Will smothers down the embarrassing whine in his throat, squeezing his eyes shut instead and nodding as Hannibal's fingers wrap around his, still inside him. It feels wrong, but it also feels so good, pulling a low moan from his lips as Hannibal pulls their joined hands out, emptying his hole in one go.

Instantly, Hannibal's cum starts to leak. Will can't keep himself from whining this time.

He can't waste it, he needs it—

"**Settle.**" The deep command in Hannibal's voice is like a balm to his nerves, and despite the spend dripping down the back of his balls, Will melts into the grass with a soft mewl. He purrs as Hannibal kneels behind him and scoops up as much semen as possible with two fingers, shoving it back inside Will's hole none too gently. When he's gotten as much as he can, Hannibal grabs Will's hips with one hand and his cock with the other, gathering the last of his escaped cum with his cockhead and then pushing slowly back inside his omega.

Will moans.

Like a whore. It's fantastic.

Hannibal doesn't bother starting out slow this time. Will wiggles his hips enticingly as the alpha bottoms out, adjusts his stance, and then begins to thrust, pulling Will back onto his cock with strong arms around his waist. Will sighs happily, kneading the grass as Hannibal moves his body as he pleases.

He had thought he'd be too sensitive still, but he's not. Hannibal's cock feels big and hot and perfect inside him, like it's meant to be there, like it was made just for Will's hole.

Fate, Will sighs, and joins Hannibal in his thrusting, throwing his ass back onto Hannibal's cock and letting the pleasure wash over him without protest. It doesn't matter if he comes first this time, if he comes twice before Hannibal, if he comes three or four or five times before the alpha knots him.

Hannibal will give him what he needs.

The wet slap of their hips once again fills the forest air. Will wonders how many night creatures they've scared off with their enthusiastic coupling, how many predators they've lured with their howling and moaning and potent scents. It doesn't matter, Will thinks. He's confident that Hannibal could fight them all off without ever taking his cock out of Will's ass. So Will lets his mouth fall open, lets every filthy moan and whimper and cry fall from his lips as Hannibal pounds into him, snarling and panting behind him, fucking his cum back into Will's womb.

Will keens, cock spurting into the grass as a little orgasm shivers down his spine. There's no way Hannibal's seed isn't going to take. Will is so full, so satisfied, and it's only the first day of his heat. If every day is like this, as Hannibal assured him it would be, there's no question that Will will be full and bred proper by the end of this.

The thought doesn't terrify him as much as he expected it to.

Nothing does, actually. Not with Hannibal by his side.

"Will," Hannibal moans, and then leans down to wrap one arm around Will and pull him up, back pressed to the alpha's chest. Will cries out, the angle changing so Hannibal is pounding directly into his prostate.

He can feel the end nearing.

Hannibal mouths at his neck, sucking and biting everywhere **but** his scent gland, and Will reaches back to grab Hannibal's hair, tugging on it pleadingly.

"Do it," he whimpers. Hannibal nods and licks over the gland, snarling into his skin and lapping up the oil and sweat that's potent with Will's scent. They're going to smell like one another after this, forever, and Will can't wait.

"Are you ready?"

Will nods fervently. Yes, he's ready, he's so fucking ready—

"Yes! Please, give it to me!"

"Good boy," Hannibal snarls, and then, as his knot begins to expand once again, he roars and buries his teeth in Will's neck.

Will's world explodes.

Chapter End Notes

And here we have it! I probably will not be writing anymore for this fic (I know I said that last time but I mean it for real this time) because when I wrote the first chapter as a oneshot, I totally fudged up the timeline for everything else I'd originally planned. So this is it, but I thank you all for all of the love and inspiration, and I hope it was as fun to read as it was to write.

As always, please consider leaving a kudos, comment, or bookmark if you enjoyed, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for reading <3

Untranslated Lithuanian:
Graži butybūė: Beautiful creature
Aš suvalgysiu tave gyvą: I'll eat you alive.
Mangustėli: Mongoose

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!